

¶ Heir beginnes the tale  
of Rauf coilzear how  
he harbreit King  
charlis



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**I**n the cheifstoun of Charles that chaim Chastane  
 Thair fell ane ferlyfull flou within thay fellis wynde  
 Dubair Empreouris and Cris, and vther mony ane  
 Turnit fra Sanct Thomas befor the Zule tyde  
 Thay past vnto Paris thay proudest in pane  
 With mony Prelatis & Princes that was of mekle pyde  
 All thay went with the king to his weddyng wane  
 Our the feldis sa fair thay fure be his syde  
 All the worthiest went in the morning  
 Baith Dukis and Duchepetris  
 Barounis and Bacheleiris      Of town with the king.  
 Mony stout man steiris

And as that Ryall raid our the rude mure  
 Him betyde ane tempest that tyme hard I tell  
 The wind blew out of the East stiflie and sure  
 The deip durandlie draif in mony deip dell  
 Sa feirly fra the firmament sa fellounlie it fure  
 Thair nicht na folk hald na fute on the heich felt  
 In point thay war to parishe thay proudest men and pure  
 In thay wicket wedderis thair wist nane to dwell  
 Among thay myrk Montanis sa madlie thay mer  
 Be it was pyme of the day  
 Sa wonder hard fure thay      And sperellit full fer.  
 That ilk ane tuk ane feir way

Ichand wedderis of the east draif on sa fast  
 It all to blaisterit and blew that thairin baid  
 Be thay disseurit syndre midnyght was past  
 Thair wist na knicht of ye Court what way ye king wald  
 He saw thair was na better bot God at the last  
 His steid aganis the storme staid stille  
 He catchit fra the Court sic wans as ston call  
 Dubair na body war him about be fure nyghtfall



In the Montanis I was heretofore all well  
In wicket wooddetis and wiche  
Among the Montanis on hicht  
Be that it drew to the night  
The King whil ilk

Euilliphand was the King it nicht it him sa laic  
And he na harberie had for his behufe  
Sa come thair ane cant Carll chachand the gait  
With ane Capill and twa Creillis cuplit abait  
The King carpit to the Caell withouten debat  
Schur tell me thy richt name for the Kude lufe  
He sayis men callis me Rauf Coilzent as I weill wot  
I leid my life in this land with mikle vncufe  
Baith tyde and time in all my trauale  
Hine our sein mylis I dwell  
And leidis Coilis to sell  
All the fault hyle.  
Then thou speiris I the tell

Sa not I thise said the King I speir for name til  
Thow seinis ane nobill fallow thy answer is sa syne  
Forloith said the Coilzent trail quhen thou to wot  
For I trow and it be nocht swa sumpart false thyne  
Mary God forbid said the King that war bot lyll skill  
Baith my self and my hors is redde for to tyne  
I pray the bring me to sum rest the wedder is sa schill  
For I defend that we fall in ony fechtine  
I had mekittour nait sum freindship to find  
And gif thou can better than I  
For the name of Sanct Iulz And leif me not behind  
Whom bring me to sum harber

I wait na wicket harberie heretofore  
For to serue his ane man as me think the  
Hane bot mine awin hous maid in this land



For furth in the forreth ane  
With thy thow wald be payit at us to be  
Forwith thow said be wel cumit has name with me  
Or ony vther gude fallow that I haue said  
Walkand will of his way as me think the  
For the wedderis at fa fell that falls on the fell  
The king was blyth quhair he said  
Of the grant that he had maid Schir God zow maid  
Sayand with hart glaid

Na thank me not out airlie for dreid that we help  
For I haue seruit the zit of lytil thing to the  
For nouthet hes thow had of me bye drink nor meit  
Nor hane vther eismentis for trasel but is behuif  
Bot micht we bying this hat bene this nicht well to help  
That we micht with cellowi haith thus excuse  
To morne on the morning when thow salt on leip  
Dyke at the parting how that I do in dois  
For first to lose and syne to las Peter, it is schame  
The king said in gude say  
Schir it is futh that ze say Duhill thay war neir hame  
Into sic talk fell thay

¶ To the Coilzearis hous baith or thay wald bin  
The Carll had Cunniug well quhair the gait lay  
Vnder the dure bellue Dame art thow in  
Dudy Dcull makis thow us dure for this full day  
For my Gailt and I haith cheueris with the chur  
Sa fell ane wedder feld I neuer be my gude say  
The gude wyfe glaid with the gleis begin  
For durst scho neuer sit sumouthis that scho hard him say  
The Carll was wanton of mood and was wonder  
All abaisit for blame  
To the dure went our Dame And zow Gailt baith  
Scho said Schir ze ar welcome hame



Dame I haue dar cost all this dayis byre  
 In wickit wedderis and weir walkand full will  
 Dame kyth I am cumin hame and kendill on ane fyre  
 I trow our Gait be the gait hes farne als ill  
 The Ryal rufe het fyre war my desyre  
 To fair the better for his sake gif we micht win thair till  
 Knap down Capounis of the best but in the byre  
 Heir is hot hame lie fair do belue Gill  
 Two cant knaithis of his awin haistellie he bad  
 The one of zow my Capill ca  
 The vther his Coursour als wa      Tha was reking glaid  
 To the itadill supir zega

The Colzeat gudie in feir take him be the hand  
 And put him befor him as resoun had bene  
 Quhen thay come to the dure the King begouth to stand  
 To put the Colzeat in befor maid him to mene  
 He said thow art vnconteris that fall I warrand  
 He tyt the King be the nek tua part in tene  
 Gif thow art broding suld be bouu or obeyland  
 And gif thow of Courtasie couth thow hes forzet it clene  
 How is this said the Colzeat kynd aucht to crep  
 Sen ellis thow art unknawin  
 To mak me Lord of my appin      Begin we to threip.  
 Sa mot I thine I am thrawin

Than benwart thay zed unhair handis was brycht  
 To and brycht byrmand fyre as the Carll bad  
 He callit on Gylane his wyfe thair Supper to Dicht  
 Of the best that thair is help that we had  
 Efter ane euill day to hane ane murrie nicht  
 For sa troublit with stormis was I neuer stad  
 Of ane art of the Cill sa lathly it laid  
 Zit was I mekle wollar than



Quhe I met with this man Quhe ye supper was gane  
Of sic tailis thay began

¶ Sone was the Supper bicht and the fyre lit  
And thay had weschin I wis the worthiest was that  
Tak my wyfe be the hand in leif without let  
And gang begin the buird said the Colliear  
That war vnsemand forswith and thy self vnset  
The king profferit him to gang and maid ane  
Now is twyle said the Earl me think thou art vnset  
He leit gyrd to the king without ane man  
And hit him vnder the eie with his right hand  
Quhill he flakkerit thair with all  
Half the breid of the hall Quhill he the eie  
He said neuer of ane fall

¶ The stait by stoufly agane vneis nicht he stand  
For anger of that outray that he had that tane  
He comit on Gylstair his wyfe ga tak him be the hand  
And gang agane to the buird quhe ye said he had gane  
Schir thou art vnfailfull and that fall I war and  
Thou wyld to haue flakkerit aneuch and thou has nane  
Thou hes walkit I wis in many wyld land  
The mair bette w thou had haue to sell the fow blane  
Thou suld be courtes of Gylstair and the countess Gylstair  
Thocht that I myght be and all that is best  
Do as I bid the  
The hous is myne parde

¶ The king said to him leif thou art vnset  
Zu was I neuer in my life vnset  
And thair is gude bene quhair gude is bene ryte  
That mair couth of courtes in this countree  
Is nane la gude as leif of and mak na mair stye



[illegible]







Thow sall haue for thy fewall  
For my sake the better sail:      Worth the lair of them.  
And onwart to thy traual

He said I haue na knawledge quhair the Court is  
And I am wonder to cum quhair I am unkend  
And I sall say thee the suth on ilk syde I wis  
That thow sall wit weill aneuch of I fra the wend  
Baith the King and the Quene meitis in Paris  
For to hold thair Zule togidder, for scho is efter send  
Thair may thow sell be ressoun als deir as thow wilt pyns  
And zit I sall help the, gif I ocht may amend  
For I am knawin with Officiaris in cais thow cum thair  
Haue gude thocht on my name  
And speir gif I be at home      Thow sall the better fair.  
For I suppois be Sanct Jame

We think it ressoun be the Rude that I do the rid  
In cais I cum to the Court, and knaw bot the que  
Is nane sa gude as drink and gang to our bed  
For als far as I wait the night is furth gane  
To ane preue Chalmer belue thay him led  
Quhair ane burely bed was wrought in that mane  
Cloit with Courtlingis and cumlie cled  
Of the worthiest wyne wantit thay nane  
The Colzeir and his wyfe baith with him thay leid  
To serue him all at thay mocht  
Till he was in bed brocht      Bot thankit pane pair deid.  
Haith the King spak nocht

Upon the moirne airtie quhen it was day  
The King buskit him sone with scant of Squary  
Peachis and Wardroparis all war away  
That war wont to walkin mouny moir



Ane Baneris pryncle blocht with his halfay  
The King thocht lang of this lyfe, and lay on in by  
Than callit he on the Carll, anent quhair he lay  
For to tak his leif, than spak he frendly  
Than walkunt thay baird and baird he was thair  
The Carll wast up some  
And prayit him to abyde none  
Quhill thir wickit wedderis be done I rid nocht ze fair.

So mot I thine said the King me war laith to byde  
In hot the moone Zule day fornest of the zeir  
Ane man that Office suld beir be tyme at this tyde  
He will be found in his fault that wantis for outin weir  
I se the firmament sair upon ather syde  
I will retorne to the Court quhill the wedderis be  
Call furth the gude wyse lat pay hit of weir  
For the wouthie harberie that I hane fundin heir  
Lat be God forbid the Colzear sold  
And thow of Charlis company  
Chief King of Chevalry Day suld be laid.  
That for ane nichtis harber

Ze sen it is sa that thow will haue na pay  
Gyn the moone to the Court and do my counsall  
Deliver the and bring ane laid and mak na delay  
Thow may not schame with thy craft, gif thow thine call  
Wit I may help the icht to sell for outin weir  
And als my self wald haue sum of the fewall  
Peter he said I sall preit the moone gif I may  
To bring Colles to the Court to se quhair sell fall  
Se that thow let nocht I pray the said the King  
In faith said the Colzear  
Craft weill I sair be thair To mak ane  
For thow will never gif the mair



Bot tell me, what is thy name  
I will forget the name and on you an me greif  
I ymond of the name of I. bid not to lane  
Tak gude tent to my name the Court gift thou wilt preif  
That I have said I will hold and that I tell the plane  
Quhair ony Coilzeat may enchain I trow till encheif  
When he had grantit him to cum than was the king fane  
And withourin ony mair let than he take his leif  
Than the Coilzeat had greif thocht on the cūnand he had  
Went to the Chancel in by maid  
To mak his Chancel ay teddy He ordant him ane fild.  
Agan the holine aily

The lyft leuit by beline and licht was the day  
The king had greif knawed get the countreis to ket  
Schir Roland and Oliver came tyd and by he way  
With thre and thowsand and mair of feruabil men  
War wanderand all the night our among ma than thay  
On ilk airt outwart war girdanis sic ten  
Gif thay might heir of the king or happin quhair he lay  
To Jesus Christ thay pray that grace thame to leu  
Als sone as Schir Roland saw it was the king  
He kneilt down in the place  
Thankand God ane greif space At that gaddeing.  
Thair was ane meeting of grace

The gentil knight Schir Roland he kneilt on his kne  
Thankand greif God, that mekill was of might  
Schir Oliver at his hand and Bischoppis the  
Withourin counounis that come, and mair other knicht  
Than to that was par all that Cheualrie  
Betwix none of the day and Zule night  
The gentil Bischop Turpine cummand thay so  
With threitie Conuent of preistis reuelt at ane fecht  
Reichand



Preichand of prophesie in the court of the king  
Efter thame haith for and neir  
Folkis following in feir  
Thankand God with gode the

¶ Quhen thay Dignis appeirit into Paris  
ilk Reu Kyaille with riches thame arrayis  
Thair was Digne service done at Sanct Dunons  
With mony proud Prelat as the buik layis  
Syne to Supper thay went within the Walys  
Befoir that myghtful man menestrellis  
Mony wicht was sene worthie and noble  
Was sene at that semblay ane and thomeis  
With all his principall plentie for his plesance  
Thay callit it the best Tyme thair  
And maist worthie begyn  
Sen euer King Charles was man

¶ Than vpon the morie arie quhen the day dene  
The Collzat had greit thocht quhat he had vnderstene  
He kest twa Creillis on ane Capul with Collis ane  
Wandit thame with widdeis to wend on that wale  
Mary it is not my counsall bot zone man that ze knew  
To do zom in his gentrife said Cyliane  
Thow gais him ane outrageous blame greit heist thair  
In faith thow wuld haue bocht it dett thow had bene allane  
For thow hald zom fra the Court for aicht that may be  
Zone man that thow outrayd  
Is not sa simpill as he said  
Thairun my lyfe dar I layd

¶ Zea Dame haue nane dreid of my lyfe to day  
Lat me wrik as I will the weird is mine  
I spak not out of restoun, the suit gif I sail for



So Raymond of the Isardrop was the faith knaught  
That I haue becht I sall bald happen as it may  
Whiche ever it gae to greif or to gawin  
He caught twa Creillis on ane capill, & catchit on his way  
Duir the Baillis sa derf be the day was dawning  
The hie way to Paris in all that he mocht  
With ane quip in his hand  
Cantlie on the way  
To the Court socht.  
To fulfill his command

Crathay of the grant had the gude King  
And callit Schic Holland him till and gail commandment  
The man that was in mail about all other thing  
That neuer wold let him on assay withoun his assent  
Tak thy hors and thy harness in the morning  
For thou wilt see the wayis I wald that thou went  
Sithow meitis ony law laid on the King  
For thame bound to this Burgh, I tell the mine Intent  
Or if thou sees ony man cumming furth the way  
Whiche ever it be  
Bring him to me  
In this hall the day.  
Behold how he will be

Schic Holland had greif ferly, and in hart kest  
Doubt that Schic Holland that the King tald  
Upon Solampunt the day quene the man fuld rest  
That byneth the walling is to watche on the wald  
Duren his God to serue he fuld haue him drest  
And spne with ane lark cheir bulker that bald  
Duc of Paris proudly he prekit full prest  
In all his harnes all hail his bechtis for to bald  
He vnder the countie our with the count  
He saw nothing on fere  
Douter for no here  
Bot the feidis in fere  
Dallis and down.  
He



He hait and he houerit; quod he wold moine  
Behald and the bie hills and pannes in plene vision  
So fast he quikent the Colsear with all the speed  
With two Creillis on ane wapit and ane  
He followit to him haistely among the holtis haire  
For to bring him to the King at bidding full haire  
Courtesly to the King he breiuit the Colsear  
And Schir Rolland him seipild him againe  
Syne bad him leif his couraie, and boer him to  
He said withoutin lettling  
Thow mon to Paris to the King  
Speid the fast in ane ling

In faith said the Colsear, zit was I neuer a nyle  
Schir Knicht it is na couraie commoung to some  
Thar is mony better than I cumme to be  
That the King wait not of, nouthet richt nor  
For to towill me or tit me, thecht fould be my clais  
Or I be dantit on sic wyse my lyfe salbe forne  
Do way said Schir Rolland, me think thow art not wille  
I rid thow at bidding be, be all that we haue forne  
And call thow it na scorning bot do as I the King  
Sen thow hes hard myne intent  
It is the Kingis commandement And I had mer fitten  
At this tyme thow suld haue went

I am bot ane madman that thow hes beir me  
I haue na myster to marche with maisterfull men  
I airand out the feildis, I well tofet  
And oft fylt my feit in mony foulden  
Gangand with laidis my gouerning to get  
Thar is mony Coll in the countre that I haue met  
I sal hold that I haue becht, bot I haue met  
To no man of the world, I haue met



That nether wayward nor will  
Thow shall hold nor be will  
Doubtless thou shalt be to fulfill  
The king's commandment

The Carleheild to the knight as he stode then  
He bair grauit in Gold and Gowne in greene  
Glitterand full gaylie guben Glemis began  
Ane Tyger ticht to ane tre ane takin oftene  
Trewile that tenefull was trimland than  
Semele schapin and schound in that Scheild schene  
Whele worchip of weir worthilie he wan  
Befoir into fechting with mony worthie sene  
His hauberk was bordourit and burnest nicht  
With stavis of Beuall deir  
Dyamentis and Sappheir  
Riche Rubis in feir  
Reulit full nicht.

His plaitis properlie nicht attour with precious stonis  
And his pulanis full prest of that ilk peir  
Greit Graipis of Gold his Greis for the nanis  
And his Cullanis cunle schynand full cleir  
Wicht by stavis of steill about his arme banis  
Blandit with Sericallis and Crustallis cleir  
Ticht our with Thopas and trew lufe atanis  
The teind of his tewellis to tell war full feir  
His Soudin tunic outdres richtis on his side  
His byrdill bellisand and gay  
His steid stout on strap  
He was the Ryallest array

Of that Ryal array that Ryaland in chace  
Raut culis in his hart of that Ryal thing  
He was the Ryal array that Ryaland in chace



He was full mightie with manye doughts be his mecht  
He had the Colzeard in wraith, though withouten said  
Cast the Crestis fra the Capell, and gang to the King  
In faith it war greit schame fra the Colzeard  
I undertak thay fuld be blocht  
This day for ocht that be mocht That thew Carpis that  
Schir knight that word is for nocht

Thow buikis on thir holtis, and holdis me heis  
Quhill half the hail day may the hicht bene  
Be Christ that was Cristinnit, and his suster cleie  
Thow fall datche to the Court that fall not be to cede  
I wiche be praisis prindice, bot gif ope to fall comite  
To se quhat granting of grates the King wold the gait  
For na gold or thing that wold I wold wite  
Be fundin fals to the King, for Christ me saue  
To get the court and be known in is I am committid  
I wold not quhat his wille be  
Bot he namit in mair the Bot quhome that I fand  
Bot ane vther mair the

Thow sand me sechand nathing that followit to seid  
I war ane fule gif I fled, and sand nae affray  
Bot as ane lauchfull man my laidis to leid  
Thar is to be wichte laborit and mure in say  
Be the suster and the Maydia that maid be remeid  
And thow war me ony mair cum efter quhat sa may  
Thow and I fall duntis dell quhill ane of us be deid  
For the deidis thow hes me done upon this deir day  
Heke mer well of that word has Schir Holland  
He saw na wappinis thair  
That the Colzeard bar And ane toustie band.  
Bot ane auld Buklair C. 1.



**E** It is lyke that Schir Holland  
That sic ane sturw husband man wald  
Thair is many a man to toggit is full touch  
Thocht thair be blak and buburly  
Of fair soulls as fudde fayne and his sturth  
I defend we secht opall in that fol  
Lat se how we may disseuer with sobornes anemch  
And thair crabittes away, be Christ counfall I  
Quhair winnis that maymond thom hecht to meit to day  
With the Quene sauld be me  
And thair I wald be to be  
Into Paris I wald  
Withoutin delay

And I am knowin with the Quene said Schir Holland  
And with many byddis in his wald, be buikis and bellis  
The Kingis discrecyon that sail I warrant  
And all his aduertise that on his Court dwellis  
He thair have aunchon of myne erand  
For methinks thair will be thair efter as thow tellis  
Bot gif I fand the forrow now to keip my command  
With this said me Gylzeat thair to be me nearely  
Bot gif sum suddand let put it of delay  
For that I hecht of my will  
And thair man thair ne wald till And sail do quhill I may  
That I am wald to fulfill

**E** Zee for thair will be thair the commandis to be  
I wald none other none erand now none of the day  
Be thair thair said the Gylzeat, man as I am true  
I will not haist me ane fute faster on the way  
Bot gif thow raik out of my renk, full wald sail thair re  
Or be the wald I sail rais the wald away  
Thocht thy body be braid in that bricht be  
Thow sail be fudde in the bill of the bone say

Schir



Schir Roland said to him self that is bot toly  
To stene with him othe maie  
I se weill he will be thair  
His leif at the Coilzeat  
He take husefully.

The Christ said the Coilzeat, that wat are foul fowles  
That thou suld chaip bot I the knew that is a schynne  
For thou seist my weidis ar auld and all to wome  
Thou throwis nathing thir caillie that I am telland  
Bring na Beirnis vs by, bot as we war bozne  
And thir Blonkis that vs beiris thairto I think are bland  
That I fall into the heil upon this mure to moyle  
Eil I be baldin in heil, and thairto my hand  
Sen that we haue na laker at this tyme to ca  
In ane thourtour way  
Seir gaitis pas thay  
Wath to Paris in fay  
Thus parlie they to.

The gentill knight Schir Roland come rydand full lone  
And left the Coilzeat to cum, as he had underlone  
And wher he come to Paris, the his Desceandoun  
The king with mony comly out of the chikis goun  
Of his harnes in hy, he hynt withoutin horte  
And in ane Rob him arapit richest of ane  
In that woyschepfull weid he went in ad wone  
As he was wont with the wy, that within the wone  
On fute ferly in fete fopmest wone  
Richt weill payis was the king  
Of Schir Rolandis coming  
To speir of his fytting

The king in counsaill  
Yes tho to my bidding  
In faith said Schir Roland,







Was agane poken, and he was fownd  
 Among the proudest in pries and in poun  
 Say thou art not worthy to be named to war  
 Bid him seek him his self, gif thou be sic ane  
 Agane gangis Schir Kolland, quhair gle suld begin  
 And the fawp reman to the, et is gane  
 Embraist the bandis belure of that he wold bitt  
 Syne leit the wy at his will wend in the wane  
 Gang seek him now thy self he fawd upon hie  
 My self hes na lair  
 Fra this zettis to fawt  
 Be Christ said the Colzeat

If thou wilt not seek him, my a bairn self fall  
 For I haue oft tymes sweet in seruice full fair  
 Tak heip to me Capill that na man him call  
 Quhill I cum fra the Court said the Colzeat  
 My laid war I laith to lois, I leif the heir all  
 So that thou leis thame not, but zeme thame full fair  
 In that hardy in he, he haikit to that hall  
 For to wit gif Wymondis byrning was thair  
 He arguit with the Flechar offet than anis  
 Schir can thou othe say  
 Quhair is Wymond the day  
 I pray the bring him gif thou may  
 Out of this wanis.

He trowit that the wy had wittin of Wymond he wend  
 Bot to his raisand word he gaue na reward  
 Thair was na man thairin that his name kend  
 Thay countit not the Colzeat almost at regaird  
 He saw thair was na meiknes noz melure nicht mend  
 He sped him in spedely and nane of thame he spaird  
 Thair was na tye of thay frekis, yat nicht ym fawt  
 He socht in fawdly, quhill sum of thame he fawd (fend  
 C. iii.



He thylt in thre to thame thraly with thytte  
Quhen he come among thame all  
Zit was the king in the hall  
And mony gude man with all  
Wingane to the melle.

¶ Thocht he had socht sic ane sight all this sevin yere  
Sa solemnit ane semblie had he not sene  
The hall was properly appectellit and paintit but peir  
Dyapountis full dantely dentit betwene  
It was semely set on ilk syde seir  
Gowdis glitterand full gay glemand in grene  
Flouris with flourdelycis forrest in seir  
With mony flamand ferly ma than systene  
The ruse reallit about in reuall of Reid  
Rois reulit Ryally  
Columbyn and Lely  
Thair was ane haillsum harberp  
Into richt Reid.

¶ With Doloris to the duris dicht quha sa wald deme  
With all diuers danteis dicht dantely  
Circulit with siluer semely to sene  
Selcouthly in seir he was set sutelly  
Blyth byrdie abuse, and bestiall full bene  
Fpue faullis in fryth, and fuschis with fry  
The flure carpit and cled and couerit full clene.  
Cummand fra the Cornellis closand que mely  
Wricht Bancouris about brovadin our all  
Greit Squechonis on hicht  
Anamalit and weill Dicht  
Reulit at all richt  
Endlang the hall.

¶ Heir is Ryaltie said Rauf, aneuch for the nanis  
With all nobilnes anourit, and that is na nay  
Had I of waymond ane word, I wald of thir wanis  
fra



Fra this wyse I wis, to went on my way  
Bot I mon zit heir mair quhat worthis of him and  
And eirnestly efter him haue myne say  
He thrustit in throis threttie all atanis  
Quhair mony douchtie of deid war Jounit that day  
For he was unburly on bak thay him hynt  
Als he gat ben throis  
He gat mony greit schow And laithfor to fynt.  
Bot he was stalwart I trois

He thrustit in throis thame, and thialy can thing  
Fast to the forrest he foundit in feir  
Sone belyde him he gat ane sight of the Nobill King  
Zone is wrymond I wait it worthis na weir  
I ken him well thocht he be cled in uther clething  
In clais of clene gold kyrt and zone cleir  
Quhen he hartzeit with me be half as he is heir  
In faith he is of mair stait than ever he me tald  
Allace that I was hidder wylie  
I dreid me sair I be begylit Quhen he saw that bald.  
The King preuile mylit

Thair was seruit in that saille Seigis semelie  
Mony Senzeorabill Syre on ilk syde seir  
With ane cairfull countenance the Coilzeir kest his  
To the cumly Quene courtes and cleir  
Dame of thy glitterand gyde haue I na gle  
Be the gracious God that bocht vs sa deir  
To ken Kingis Courtasie, the Deuill come to me  
And sa I hope I may say or I chaip heir  
Wicht I chaip of this chance, that changes my cheir  
Thair suld na man be sa wyle  
To gar me cum to Paris In faith this feyn zeir.  
To luke quhair the King lyis



The worthy man had trefyn, and the butte went;  
 That was for wonderit I wis of that wyse Lord  
 The King fell in carping, and tauld his ghesent  
 To many gracious Grome he maid his record  
 How the bucheous Beirne met him on the bent  
 And how the frostis war sa fell, and sa strait ford  
 Than the Coilzeat quoke as he had bene schent  
 Dubbe he hard the surch say how he the King schord  
 Breit God gif I war now and thy self with all  
 Upon the mure quhair we met  
 Saith all suddandly set Sa gude in thy hall  
 Or ony knicht that thou may get

This Lordis leuch vpon lost, and lystnit to the King  
 How he was ridgit and led, and set at sa liche  
 Than the curagious Knichtis bad haue him to hing  
 For he hes ferit that thay said be our sieht  
 God sorbot he said my thank war sic thing  
 To him that succourit my lyfe in sa euill ane night  
 Him semis ane stalwart man and stout in streping  
 That Carll for his Courtasie salbe maid knicht  
 I hald the counsall full euill that Cristin man lais  
 For I had myster to haue ma  
 And not to destroy tha To fecht on Goddis lais  
 Tha war worthe to ga

Befoir many worthe he dubbit him knicht  
 Dukis and dighe Lordis in that dett hall  
 Schir se for thy self, thou semis to be wicht  
 Tak keip to this ordour, ane knicht I the call  
 To make the manly man I mak the of knicht  
 Ik zeir thye hundreth pund assigne the I fall  
 And was the next vacant be ressonabil richt  
 That hapnis in France, quhair sa cует it fall

Forlancour



I get the best of my life  
On the 14th of June I was by  
That was the 14th of June  
And went with this my young  
For thy simple degree that thou art in  
I beseech God of his grace to make me  
And I shall be the first to begin  
And I shall be the first to begin  
Betwixt to the 14th of June  
With clove of my hand  
Sertie 14th of June  
Of his grace to make me  
That was the 14th of June

Upon the 14th of June  
Got in 14th of June  
To zone bustling Beirne  
Among this 14th of June  
I will be the first to begin  
Sail never 14th of June  
That I for 14th of June  
It was the 14th of June  
Gif that the 14th of June  
That he 14th of June  
Among this 14th of June

Upon the 14th of June  
To the 14th of June  
That he 14th of June  
Among this 14th of June



Whiche he had tryed to meet. Such a bold and  
Derey out during discomfite the day  
Gif any Doughtie that day for Thomas was sight  
He band his blonk to one bull on the bent blonk  
Synne laid be the hair way to bald that he had hecht  
Onhill it was neir time of the day that he had thet been  
He lusty and yett he was  
He late comend to the  
The man of all

¶ The knight on the Camelot come tantly at hand  
With one curagious countenance and truck to be  
Inolent only to abyde with Birt and with brawn  
His blonk was shibutty, braid and bair he  
Schit out scopyt his tone, and come to hand  
And in the rowme of ane renk in rethor he be  
The schit scollon that first quhen he was hand  
He foundis thow his forceris of beuillit him to  
He strak the steid with the spurris he spent on the bent  
In hard and carts in aid they  
That baith that boys beid lay  
That there is in splendours

¶ Thus was they to that forceris left on the bent  
They sture beid at that time heid beid lay that  
The knight scollon that first quhen he was hand  
Cleikit out the rowme of ane renk in rethor he be  
The knight scollon that first quhen he was hand  
Batt on chair balsnetis that  
To tyne the worship of that that all was  
As for dout of vincing they went nocht away  
Thus was they to that forceris left on the bent  
The knight scollon that first quhen he was hand  
The knight scollon that first quhen he was hand



¶ They hard harnett men they becom on in baill  
Than mocht beu with heid and angerit with all  
Quhill thay had maid thame sa maill thay failze almost  
Sa laith thay war on ather part to let thair pice fall  
Thairicht gestles men out of the rent gait  
Forworcht with thair weppis and cutt rent with all  
Thair was na guth on the ground quhill ane gait ye gait  
Zanne efter relding on ilk syde thay call  
Schir Rauf caught to cule him and tak maill of the licht  
He kest by his Aleseir  
With ane Cheualrous cheir  
Sa saw he cummand full meir  
The uthir bene knichte

¶ Now be the Rude said Schir Rauf, I reppell the  
Thow hes brokin condition, thow hes not done richt  
Thow hercht na vauhair to bring, bot anerly we  
Thairto I tuik thy hand, as thow was trew knicht  
On loud said the Sarazine, I heir the now he  
Befoir the same day I saw the neuer with sight  
Now sall thow think it richt long, thow hes met with me  
Gif Mahoun or Termagant may maintene my knichte  
Schir Rauf was blyth of pat word & blenk it with his face  
Thow sayis thow art ane Sarazine  
Now thankit be Drichtine  
That ane of us sall neuer hie  
Undeid in this place.

¶ Than said the Sarazine to Schir Rauf succoudously  
I haue na lyking to lyfe to let the with lufe  
He gaue ane braid with his brand to the Weirne by  
Till the blude of his browis best out abufe  
The kene knicht in that steid stakkerie stumely  
The lenth of ane rude braid he gart him remuse  
Schir Rauf ruschit by agane, and hit him in  
Thay preis furth properly thair pichis to prufe



...the knyghts in hand  
...as they had well seen  
...that come Schir Holland

The gentil knyght Schir Holland come vnder his right  
And with his hand, and with his hand  
He is the same as was in the night  
For to confound our Cristen men that comen to the  
Tell me thy name syle, thou comest to the  
For on thy fechtung fell bes the bene  
Thou art stout and strong, and thou art in fecht  
Thou is thy fallow in faith, and that is well sene  
In Christ and thou wilt throw thou takis name out of  
For the sake of the said  
Thy self maid me never so afraid  
That I for tolerance would have paid

Beif me not with your boist, but mak you baith beun  
Batteris on baldy the best I you pray  
Hail to Schir Holland that was na reboun  
I throw the mekle God, the maist of mightis may  
The same is in power to mak that plesoun  
For that war na wassalage sum men wald say  
I rid that thou hastfully forsake the Mahon  
For on that soull I find for sale is thy say  
Beum Cristin Schir knyght, and on Christ call  
It is thy will thou comert  
This wickit world is but ane clart That maker is of all  
And haue him haly in hart

Schir Holland I rek nocht of thy Kuningis  
Thou dois but to the same that rekis it nocht  
Thou flant bes off thy self of my Counsingis  
Soudanis











perpetually  
in the name of Saint John  
that all that wantis harberg

of 3 2 3 2

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That all that for the purpose  
of the house of the king  
shall be kept in the  
king's house

And the king

THE

THE  
1221





